

I Saw It in the Garden



By Martin Brennan
Illustrated by Michael Glenn Monroe

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Mitten Press
An imprint of Ann Arbor Media Group LLC
2500 S. State Street
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Printed and bound in Canada.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Brennan, Martin, 1966-
I saw it in the garden / by Martin Brennan ; illustrated by Michael Glenn Monroe.
p. cm.

Summary: From the joy of early spring to the return of Jack Frost, a young girl and her grandfather tend a garden filled with plants and the host of creatures that make a home there.

ISBN-13: 978-1-58726-296-8 (hardcover : alk. paper)

ISBN-10: 1-58726-296-7 (hardcover : alk. paper)

[1. Gardening--Fiction. 2. Grandfathers--Fiction. 3. Seasons--Fiction.

4. Stories in rhyme.] I. Monroe, Michael Glenn, ill. II. Title.

PZ8.3.B74552las 2006

[E]--dc22

2005034184

APRIL 1st

My grandpa told me once
all he'd come to know
of what a person needs to do
to help a garden grow.

"Find a sturdy shovel,
proper boots, and gloves.
Hope for rain—but not too much
and plant your seeds with love."

"Then keep your eyes wide open.
You might just be in awe."
I did just what my grandpa said
and this is what I saw...



APRIL 11th

Springtime is zing-time,
spin-your-partner-swing-time.

Wake the snoozin'
black-eyed Susan.

Winter's over sing-time.









APRIL 18th

An itty bitsy spec of life
sleeps inside the ground,
in the dark all by itself
without a sight or sound.

It's never seen the sun before,
and tell me if you know—
who tells the sleepy little seeds,
wake up, it's time to grow?

MAY 6th

The sun is the greatest magician
the world has ever found.
He doesn't pull rabbits from top hats;
he pulls life up from the ground.





MAY 15th

*M*y watering can is filled with rain
all the way up to the spout.
And when I tip it just a bit,
the rain falls gently out.





MAY 26th

I ran to my grandpa as fast as I could,
jumped up and down and shouted,
“It’s here grandpa. Quick, come see.
One of the plants has sprouted!”

Together we hurried out to the garden
and dropping to our knees,
we eyed the miracle there in the ground—
such joy from two tiny leaves!







JUNE 12th

Dandelions stalk me daily;
they cause me so much trouble.
I beat them back the best I can,
but they just come back double.

Oh no,
the weeds grow.
And though I hoe,
they grow and grow.

I hoe.

They grow.

I hoe.

They grow.

Hoe.

Grow.

Hoe.

Grow.

Grow.

GROW.

GROW!



A tomato plant with green leaves and red tomatoes is on the left side of the page. The background is a soft, yellowish-green gradient.

JUNE 23rd

A slippety, sloggety bug
ate my tomato plants down to the nub.

He ate and ate and grew so fat.
Grandpa caught that bug
and now
he's . . .

SPLAT!







JULY 4th

To be a bee seems to be
a job for me because
I'd get to dance in flowers
and laugh and sing and buzz.





JULY 19th

Once there lived an apple core
of use to no one anymore,
and so I chucked him out the door.
From there his story grows.

He landed on a compost heap
and quietly began to weep,
until he cried himself to sleep
and slowly decomposed.

Though it looks as though he's dead,
he's quite alive, and so it's said,
he's moved into a flower bed
and lives inside a rose.



JULY 29th

Aphids were in the garden,
eating whatever they pleased.
And though I asked them nicely,
they kept on munching leaves.



I called my friends the ladybugs
to come and share some tea.
I served them scones and marmalade
and aphid fricassee.





AUGUST 2nd

The scarecrow hangs upon a post
keeping birds away.

Would I keep smiling if I hung
upon a post all day?



AUGUST 10th

*H*ow does a pole bean grow so high
without any fingers, toes, or eyes?

Would it climb to the sky if it could?
Does it ever get tired? I think I would.







AUGUST 18th

If you swallow melon seeds,
so the legend goes,
the seeds will settle in your craw,
and there the seeds will grow.

I told this to my cousin Al,
who came to stay the night.
But he just laughed at me and said,
“Ah, it’ll be all right.”

Al ate one,
Al ate ten,
Al ate twenty,
thirty...
then,
from his nose a leaf crept out.
Cousin Al began to sprout!

AUGUST 30th

Grandpa was tired. I was, too.
And though there was plenty we still had to do—
 like corn to pick and beans to can,
 and finish painting our vegetable stand.
We found ourselves a patch of shade
 and drank two quarts of lemonade.

Grandpa closed his eyes and said,
 “I remember, once, a poem I read,
 Now I lay me down to sleep
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep...”
But Gramps could not say anymore.
 How could he? He’d begun to snore.







OCTOBER 12th

*Leaves are falling from the trees.
Winter starts to whisper.
Jack Frost dances in the grass,
and every night feels crisper.*

Days grow short. The sun cools off.
The geese fly high above.
The time has come to put away
the shovel, boots, and gloves.

Grandpa sighed and I did, too
when we closed the gate.
The garden that we'll grow next year,
well ... I can hardly wait.

A garden is a truly magical place! From early spring to the return of Jack Frost, it is alive with not only plants but also all the creatures that make a home there. Plant your own garden with the free seeds enclosed and watch closely.

You might just be amazed by what you see!



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9781587262968
2016-03-04 10:8

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